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Ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. XI.—No. 548.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1894. [ONE PENNY.

A NOVEL EXHIBITION.

"In spite of the fact that butter, milk and eggs figured pretty conspicuous at the recent Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall, there is little doubt but that Poor Pa was the chief attraction of the Exhibition—at least, Dad himself insists that such was the case. His assumption of the character of a modern dairy-maid, though, is hardly calculated to enhance him in the eyes of the 'Prowling Prudes' who have been making themselves so obnoxiously conspicuous lately. In fact, I hear that some of these latter individuals are already clamouring for Papa's expulsion from England."—TOOTSIE.

UNIMPEACHABLE EVIDENCE.

"And you say, Jane, that you were deeply shocked at the 'Living Pictures,' 'Most owdacious' were they? Dear me, how painfully sad!"

"And you tell me, Eliza, that the ballet produced an injurious effect upon your moral system? 'Fig leaves wasn't in it,' eh? Dear, dear. I weep with you!"

To the public. "The evidence of pure-minded, lofty-souled women demands the instant abolition of these cursed sinks of iniquity!"

A LONG JOB.

On January 7th, 1850, five men were taken into custody at Dortmund and committed for trial on a charge of murder. On the 23rd November, 1853, three of them had their heads cut off. In those parts, in those days, the law moved slowly.

On the 6th January, 1850, at about four in the morning, the daughter of a man named Specht, who kept a dram shop in one of the principal streets of Dortmund, was aroused from her slumbers by a noise in the bar below her bedroom. She awoke her brother and told him there were thieves in the house. He got up and hastily dressed, caught up a loaded gun he kept in his bedroom, shouted to the servant-girl to bring a light, hurried down stairs, dashed the barrel of his gun through a pane of glass in the door of the bar and fired. Then broke the door open.

By this time the girl arrived with a candle, and pushing her way past, entered the bar and hurried to an alcove where old Specht slept. "Good heavens!" she cried, "Master has been murdered." Next moment, turning, she saw a man standing in a hole that had been broken through the house wall, and she called to young Specht to fire at the man, from whom he was not a yard distant. He fired and missed. The police were then sent for, and found that the old man had been killed by a blow from some sharp instrument, but that no robbery had been committed.

Next day a man called on the police to tell all he knew of

the affair. He stated that a medical student, two bakers and a coal dealer had tried to bribe him to join in the murder, but he had refused. One of the men had made the hole in the wall with a file, and they had then all crept through, the old man in his drunken sleep not hearing them. When struck by the coal dealer he only groaned once. The murderers were going to take the money out of a cupboard when they heard someone coming. They then escaped, but left a hammer behind them. This hammer, with a blood-stained head, was afterwards found hidden behind a heavy salt chest.

Who it was who actually struck the fatal blow it was impossible to discover. Each in turn made a confession, and accused another. Before the murder there was nothing to be said against young Specht save that he was not on particularly good terms with his father. The old man treated him harshly, but he did not rebel against him openly. It appeared that he was desirous of contracting a marriage of which the father did not approve, and he would only give him 600 dollars, which was not enough to pay his debts. The only obstacle to his plans was his father; but things went on quietly until on New Year's Eve the old man struck him in the face—struck him, a man of six and twenty, a captain in the Rifles, and major-elect of a battalion of the National Guard.

A witness came forward, a chemist, who stated that young Specht had asked him for strychnine, which the medical student who was attending his father for a boil on the neck could place on the wound and thus poison him. A suspicious circumstance, too, was that he had not shot the man in the hole in the wall to whom he was so near, or made any attempt to follow him, as a son, under the circumstance would, one would suppose, naturally have done. He had said at the time that he should remember the man's face to the day of his death, yet when a man who had confessed that he was that person was confronted with him, young Specht declared that he had never seen him before. It certainly looked as though he did not wish to recognize him. The concealment of the hammer behind the salt chest again was a suspicious circumstance. One of the accused persons had sworn that another whom he said had dealt the death-blow had left it by the bedside. Henry Specht alone could have hidden this where it was found, for only his sister and the servant were in the bar, and he at once got rid of them. Again, why did he fire through the glass window in the door and run a risk of shooting his father were he struggling with the murderers?

The prisoners were four times tried on this evidence, and eventually Specht and two others had their heads cut off at Hanum. Another was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and the medical student to fifteen years. It was to the latter's diabolical suggestion, for he was a bosom friend of Specht's, that the tragedy was probably due.

* * * * * *

LAITEST.

Owin to the ardnes off the times the totterin fabbrick av settle on taikin a loddger. Larx iss the wurd.

(Next week, "The Man-Woman.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose *a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted.* Do not inclose loose stamps.

Glad to have your letter, ROLLO; *What a time you must have had. You can tell at once,* SUBALTERN, *If they're likely to be bad. Thanks for sketches,* F. C. ADAMS; *Sorry that we have no space. Don't you think,* A CHELSEA READER, *That it's rather out of place? Pleased to find you like it,* RUMBO. *Only one or two,* F. C. *You can get it,* COUNTRY READER, *For three-halfpence posted free. Sorry,* PHIB, *we cannot tell you: It's an awkward thing to touch. Tootsie's thanks for relic,* FARNIE; *She admires it very much.*

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

On the Golf Links.

De Bounder. Aw—er—may I accompany you and be caddie, Miss Teewell?

She (coldly). Thanks, no! you always are caddy, Mr. de Bounder.

[*And he froze up instanter.*

***

THE Dogs' Home is at Battersea. The Dogs' Last Home inside the family vault of the crust of the pork pie manufacturer.

***

First Friend. What on earth induced Millie to marry a balloonist—such a terrible old fogey, too?

Second Friend. Can't imagine, dear, unless it's to satisfy her ambition to move in high life.

***

HE said her teeth were pearls of price,
But how he swore, you bet!
When they were wed the dentist sent
The bill in for the set.

***

Nervous Proprietor of Steam Launch. Ah! you are the—er—man I have engaged to look after the launch.

New Handyman. Yes, sir. Beg pardon, sir, but I s'p'ose you understands all about the engines, and such like?

Nervous Proprietor. Oh, no, indeed!

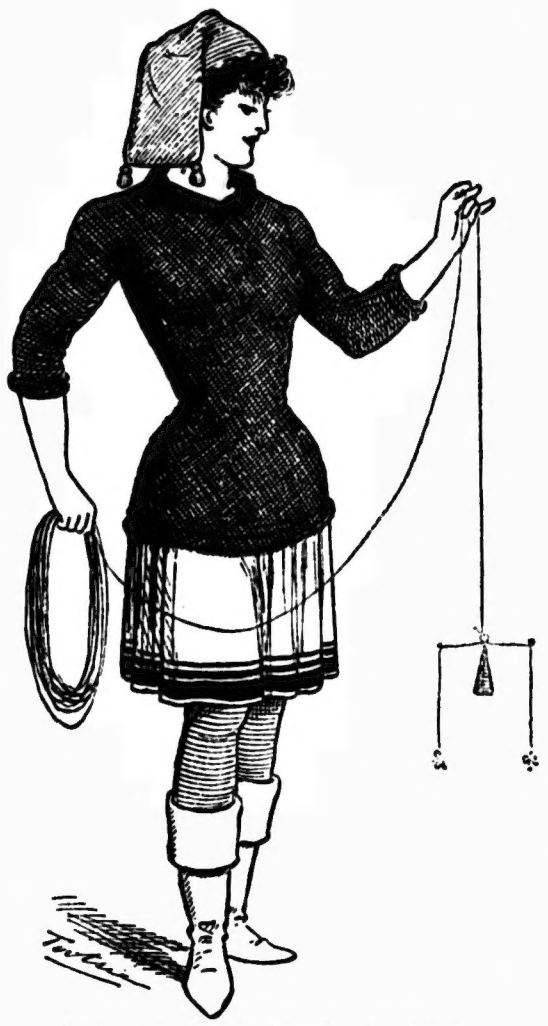
New Handyman. That's all right, then, sir. We shall get along famous, *for I don't either.*

***

She. Well, really, John, I cannot understand what you married me for?

He. That's just the question I'm always asking myself.

[*And then the row commenced again with redoubled fierceness.*



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 548.—The "Salt-water Angler" Costume.

"I never thought you were such an idiot, Mr. Brown, until you married me." "You are quite right, my dear; I was an idiot when I did."

ZOOLOGICAL.

A Steam *Crane.*

"How are you getting on in your new practice, Doctor?" "Splendidly! That's one of my funerals passing now."

"Get ye gone, herring!" "Away, thou potted bloater!"

AUTHORS—AUTHENTIC.

No. 30.—Q.

In the Club Smoke-room.

Old Bachelor. Ah! there's no love like the first love, after all.

Chorus of Young Bachelors. Wh-h-at?

Old Bachelor. It is the strongest, lasts longest, and is usually our last.

Young Bachelors. What do you mean? Who was your first love?

Old Bachelor. Myself.

***

"No," said Spootings, "I never swear unless I'm put out." And his best pal chipped in with, "What an awful lot of bad language you must make use of about closing time, old man; you are put out every blessed night of your life, ain't you?" And once again there was a coolness that only warm Scotch could thaw.

***

She. What do you think of my new mare, Mr. Knowitall?

Mr. Knowitall. Capital head, good colour, carries herself well. Hum—hum—ah! just nine years old, I see.

She. How can you tell she's nine years old?

Mr. Knowitall. By her teeth.

She. But she has more than nine teeth.

***

IF she would give me but a smile,
E'en tho' it were exacted;
But ah! she won't, the darling's been
And had her teeth extracted.

***

Friend of Husband (to Wealthy Wife). Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Bullion, but don't you think you ought to make some allowances for your husband?

Mrs. Bullion. So I do: I allow him two pounds a week. Don't you think that is sufficient for such a miserable specimen of humanity as he is?

***

First Pretty Pet (who has been bitten with the slumming fever). Oh! but, my dear, it is so inexpressibly sweet to sacrifice oneself for the sake of one's poorer neighbour.

Second Pretty Pet (who doesn't see it). Oh, yes, dear! I have no doubt it is; but, you see, our wretch of a doctor has forbidden me to have anything sweet.

***

"ETHEL," he said timidly, paling at his own boldness, "do you—er—do you think, that is, what would your father say if I—er—if I asked him for your hand?" "Well, George," said the fair girl, casting her lustrous orbs upon the diffident swain, "since you put it to me squarely like that, it's my opinion he'd say better late than never." And ten seconds later he had caught her to his manly chest.

***

Town Cousin. Why on earth do you wear those low collars, old man? They're not a bit swagger or up-to-date, you know.

Country Cousin. What is the fashionable height for a collar, then?

Town Cousin. Well, that depends upon the length of your neck, don't you know; but they *must* be high enough to be uncomfortable.

***

First Young Matron. My husband is a man whom all the world must look up to.

Second Young Matron. Really, now, I had no idea he was such a celebrity.

First Young Matron. He isn't; but he stands six foot six in his socks.

***

HE's really a jolly good fellow,
And never tells lies as a rule;
But once start him telling
You tales of his dog—
Ananias to him is a fool.

***

The Captain. I fancy we should make a well-matched pair, Miss Sporter; what do you say to running in double harness?

She. I don't mind, but it will have to be tandem.

The Captain. Tandem?

She. Yes; you see I must be the leader.

***

SHE was a young and inexperienced housekeeper who sent her maid out to buy six stamps, and to be sure and tell the man to send them round in time for the post.

***

First Darling. I declare I'll never go out in this stupid rational dress again.

Second Darling. Why, what's the matter, love? Anyone call after you in the street?

First Darling. No, dear; worse than that. I was in the 'bus this afternoon and the horrid conductor asked if the gentleman in the corner—meaning me, dear—would ride outside to oblige a lady. I never was so insulted in my life!

***

"YOU say what you like about poor Wiggins—he may get on the bust—he may have enough Blue Pig sawdust on him to stuff a two-shilling doll—he may have been among the missing and the Bow Street night charges—still for all that he respects the memory of his poor dear wife—he hasn't left off mourning these two years." "Of course he ain't, you bally Hottentot idiot; don't he get his living as a blooming mute?"

***

Old Mugley (pompously). No, sir; I'm sorry to say I cannot support your project financially. But you may let the neighbourhood know that I will give my countenance to the scheme.

Treasurer. Thanks, but you see we expected a *handsome* donation from you.

***

Jack. Cholly Dudems was boasting this morning how you flattered him last night.

The Darling. Pooh! he must have meant flattened, for I did nothing else but sit upon him the whole evening.

***

BOYIBUS kissibus
Sweet girlorem;
Girlibus likibus,
Wanti somorum.

***

Editor. I notice you never give us any jokes about young wives cooking now.

Humorous Contributor. Well, no, sir. You see, the fact of it is I've discovered that there's no joke about it—I'm married myself now.

***

IT is always trying to be in the society of a too good woman. It was for this reason that Jones stood his mother-in-law the new cheap flannellette skirt; so that when he took her out in the rain, and it shrunk up, he could make believe to himself that he was walking with a chorus angel in a ballet skirt.

***

First Hopper. Some of them there swells is most awful ignorant.

Second Hopper. Is they?

First Hopper. Yes, indeed! Why, one of 'em axially arsked me how much I wanted to pay for a arf pint of forpny.

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CHRISTMAS LARKS.

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TOOTSIE AT THE SAVOY.

THE Adelphi is the only London theatre the nature of the entertainment at which you can at all rely on. If Uncle John or Aunt Hannah, when they come to town, want to see a melodrama, there they can depend on finding the article required. "Where shall we go?" one may say to the other. "Why, to the Lyceum, of course, to see Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. I believe we are the only persons in the world, my dear, who haven't seen them." And off they go by cab, 'bus or train, pay for their seats, take them, and find by their programme that they'll see instead Arthur Williams and Lillian Russell, or whom probably they may mistake for the first-named celebrities if they get in when the auditorium is darkened and the programme unreadable. Suppose, now, they want to see Toole or Terry, where are they to find them? The last place to look for them is at their own theatres. Suppose, again, they want to see a comic opera or opera comique. Where is one being played? There's a theatre called the Opera Comique, which is occasionally open, and where you may in turn find anything in the world but a comic opera. The Adelphi has now for a good many years past been faithful to melodrama. There was a time when, under the rule of Benjamin Webster, it wandered occasionally, at considerable monetary loss, from the well-worn track, but that is not likely to occur again.

Bianca: FLORENCE PERRY.

Now, the Savoy had a name for a particular kind of entertainment which, with a certain large class of persons, was extremely popular. People from the country flocked in their thousands to the Gilbert-Sullivan combinations, and when they got back again told their friends to be sure and go too, not so much because they thought their friends would appreciate the point of what they saw any more than they had themselves, but then everybody went, and it was necessary to go too, so as to be able to say you had been. The time came, however, when the partnership was at an end, and something else had to be found by which as much money could be made. I can imagine no more difficult task than that of finding the something necessary, and I am inclined to think it has not yet been found.

Mirette, however, is a bright, pretty piece, and will please thousands of people very much indeed. The description of it as given in a leading theatrical organ is somewhat complicated. It is called "*Mirette*, an opera in three acts, founded on the French of Michel Carré, with lyrics by F. E. Weatherly and dialogue by H. Greenbank, new version by Adrian Ross, the music by André Messager. Revived at the Savoy Theatre, October 6th." What does "founded on the French" happen to mean, and how can "a new version" be revived when it is tried for the first time? But life is not long enough for these conundrums. The opera is well cast, and among others Mr. Richard Temple and Miss Brandram especially distinguish themselves. There is, too, a very good comic actor (a personage uncommonly rare), Mr. Walter Passmore, who is new to me. Miss Kate Rolla now plays Mirette, and acquits herself well. Mr. Courtice Pounds does well also. Miss Emma Owen can dance, and Miss Florence Perry can play the *ingénue* delightfully.

Picorin: COURTICE POUNDS. *Mirette:* KATE ROLLA.

There are two songs which will possibly be much talked about at suburban tea tables. One is, "When Noah went Aboard the Ark." I think myself poor old Noah might have been allowed a well-earned holiday on the shelf, for he and his respected family have been guyed quite enough for many years past in penny and two-penny arks. The other is, "When Eve was Mrs. Adam," which is calculated to cause considerable controversy. First of all, Adam what? Then, where and how were they married? At Hampton Court I've seen a picture of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. There was a stone fountain in it, which rather surprised me, but there was no Church or Chapel or Registry Office.

The Marquise de Montigny: ROSINA BRANDRAM.

Mirette is decidedly something to see and hear, and I recommend you to go; but it is nothing at all like things that used to be at the Savoy. Will Mr. Gilbert's new comic opera be a success at a new house, I wonder! There is no particular reason why it should not be, for he has been successful in many theatres (with the old partner). Mr. Gilbert's peculiar humour requires peculiar music in places not wholly unlike that of *The Ratcatcher's Daughter* or *Giles Scroggins*. Offenbach would have been ever so much too lively.

THE BEACON LIGHT!

Attend, all ye who list to hear of ALLY SLOPER'S *praise,*
We'll tell how this Samaritan the stricken ones will raise!
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A LITERARY WIDOWER.

HE was a literary widower, but otherwise, to the matrimonially-inclined spinsters of Lower Tooting, an eligible *parti* enough. His late-lamented wife had done considerable scribbling during her residence on this planet, and when he had got a bit tired of mourning her loss, and sick at heart at the smell of damp crape, he had a happy idea, and called upon Miss Honoria Hosegood to impart it to her.

"Honoria," he said, with a teardrop in his voice, "you knew poor Martha?"

"Poor angel, yes," assented Honoria with a sigh of relief.

"The Church Service says, 'It is not good that man should be alone,' Honoria," he went on.

"It is a most excellent and truthful remark," assented Honoria, quite cheerfully.

"Have you ever paused and reflected upon that part of the marriage service that calls upon the contracting parties to stick to one another like billyoh—or words to that effect—till death doth or dooth them part?"

"Scores of times."

"So have I. And now that death has carried off poor Martha, I feel so lonely, so miserable, almost inconsolable."

"Oh, don't say that—er—Mr. Guffduffer."

"I think I must do something to restore to me her kind consolations, and the memory of her many virtues."

Honoria's heart thumped against her stays, causing her breath to come in short, sharp pants; but she only said, "Yes?"

"Not to beat about the bush, Honoria, I have a proposal to make."

"Great Scot, hurry up!" Honoria ejaculated, unthinkingly. But he did not seem to notice it particularly, and went on:

"I've come to the conclusion that I'll write lamented Martha's biography. I will dilate upon her virtues as a wife and the care and devotion that I'll bet she would have shown her kids had she been a mother. It'll be the spiciest thing they've seen at Exeter Hall since the *War Cry* started, and will be read by the young and perused by the aged. Now, my line in the literary field has been principally sporting, with an occasional cut at picture-gallery criticism, rather than giving graphic descriptions of feminine virtues, so this is what I have to propose. You write-up the deceased a bit—pile it up a bit steep—and I'll stand you a new bonnet and take you down to Hurst Park races next week."

It was a cruel blow to her maiden expectations; still, a bonnet is a bonnet, and, after all, you never know what mayn't crop up at a race meeting; so she gulped down the great lump that had risen in her throat, and replied, "All right, it's a bet. When do you want the 'copy'?"

FAME.

"DEAR, dear, this is very interesting!" remarked the charming wife of our village rector, as she gazed at the morning paper with renewed interest. "You are referred to, dear, as 'that distinguished and experienced pillar of the Established Church.' Isn't that *very* nice?"

"It is very pleasant, my dear," returned the rector, with conscious pride, "very pleasant indeed. And now I come to think of it, I have a faint remembrance of seeing a stranger in one of the front pews last Sunday morning—an intellectual-looking man, such as one would take to be the editor of a bright newspaper. Dear me, then he had come to hear me preach! Does he give the sermon in full, or only a synopsis of it?"

"I don't understand you, dear."

"Don't you, my dear! In what way am I referred to in the paper?"

"You are spoken of as 'that distinguished and experienced pillar of the Established Church, who speaks in the following glowing terms of Bilebuster's Little Liver Lifters, and Head, Stomach, and Nerve Pills, two of which, taken at——'"

But the worthy man who had once been gulled by the local chemist into scribbling an exordium on a patent bolus, had fled into his study and buried his head in a heap of second-hand sermons.

THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS JONES.

GANDER, as was usual with him, had known all about it from the commencement.

Of course he had! I should like to hear of anything that Gander didn't know, or hadn't heard all about. He's a perfect "Encyclopædia Britannica" for general knowledge, and a sort of Lay Pope for infallability. He never, to use his own terse expression, "makes a bloomer." If you wish to learn the exact number of animals that went into the Ark, ask Gander. He'll tell you to a flea. Should you be desirous of knowing the winner of next year's Lincoln Handicap, apply to the same authority. He's spotted it months ago. In fact, in comparing Gander to the Pope, I've done him—Gander—an injustice. He could give that functionary a stone and smother him, even if you threw in the whole College of Cardinals to make the running. But enough has been said of Gander. This is the case of Jones.

"I never make a bloomer."

No doubt Mrs. Jones meant well, and did it all for the best, but there's such a thing as pulling the string *too* tight. Still, there was an excuse for her. She'd had Jones well in hand for fifteen years, and as he'd apparently settled down steadily in harness (quiet to ride or drive), that he should kick over the traces *now* was the very last thing to be expected. But it's the unexpected that usually happens. One afternoon, after quietly observing that for the future he should take sole possession of the latchkey, Jones announced his intention of—going out for the evening! And what was more, he *went!*

To describe the indignation, the fear, the horror, and the astonishment of Mrs. J. is impossible. Was she awake? Was civilization a failure? and the Caucasian indeed played out? It seemed so, for the very next evening Jones repeated his performance—and the next, and the next. And all the while there was a sort of expression on his face that quite unnerved Mrs. J., and rendered her customary weapons of domestic warfare utterly useless.

And what was more—he *went!*

But the pity of it—oh, the pity of it! To have had a man on matrimonial toast for fifteen years, and then to find him objecting to the menu! Her case was desperate. Gander, as *the* old friend of the family, was consulted: was implored to ascertain the true cause of the revolt. And what mystery could withstand *his* searching eye? Within three days he had disclosed the full horror of the awful truth. *Jones had picked up with a "New Woman!"*

It was really the simplest thing in the world. Jones had chanced to hear Miss Ariadne Pepperpot, an advanced lady of some forty summers, lecture on "Social Freedom and the Equality of the Sexes." Charmed both by her eloquence and her subject, he had learned with joy and surprise that Miss P.'s programme included freedom for man as well as liberty for woman. The chain of domestic tyranny uncomplainingly worn for fifteen years rankled in his soul; he sought and obtained a personal introduction; the introduction ripened into a platonic friendship, and Jones became a welcome guest at Miss Pepperpot's residential chambers. *Voilà tout!*

Gander advised doing away with the domestic bearing-rein. Mrs. Jones tearfully nodded her head. Gander suggested mild and gradual treatment as a means of bringing the sinner back to his desolate hearth. Mrs. J. scouted the suggestion with scorn. She had formed her own plan; and that very night, having learned the address, boldly invaded Miss Pepperpot's chambers, and confronted her errant spouse and his intellectual flame across a platonic tea board.

Him she ignored, but *her* she gazed at steadfastly for some moments. Then turning to leave the room, she said calmly, her hand upon the handle of the door: "As the mother of eight, I was strongly inclined to be jealous, thinking that my husband had deserted me for another *woman!* But I see the absurdity of my error. A *woman's* mission in life is maternity. Failing that, Nature has no further use for her. Shrieking and howling upon a platform but emphasizes that uselessness."

Miss Ariadne Pepperpot.

Then, with head poised haughtily in the air and a haughty smile on her lips, she stalked majestically from their presence.

The next night, Jones stayed at home as of yore. But he now has more freedom, although he does not take much advantage of it, and Mrs. Jones more food for thought. Gander says the "New Woman" is not in the same street with the old, with which assertion no doubt most of us will agree.

THE NEW WOMAN.
"How are you, Uncle?" "You mistake, young man; I've not a nephew."

FOOTBALL GOSSIP.
Doctor. I go in my professional capacity. I have had a lovely day setting arms and legs and things. Am going to a Ladies' Football Club to-morrow—hope I shall have as good a time there.

AFTER THE BALL.
The young lady who tries to catch her train and misses it.

"George tells me he would rather be a knave than a fool. I suppose he should know, as he has been both in his time."—*Extract from Letter of Young Lady.*

. *Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.*

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.

No. 362.—Miss Edith Marsland.

"Where could I find a fairer, sweeter bride?"—*The Dook Snook.*
"Edith, Edith, pity, I entreat!" —*Lord Bob.*
"A perfect form, a perfect face, imbued with every charm and grace!" —*The Hon. Billy.*

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—MRS. ANNA RUPPERT.

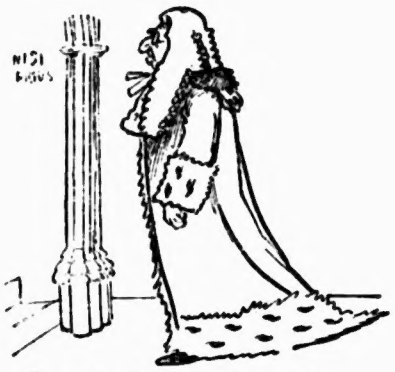
"Have you ever consulted anyone about your nose, ALLY?" The scene was the smoking-room of the Garrick Club, of which A. SLOPER is, he hopes, not an unworthy member; or, he takes it, he would not have been proposed by his friend, Harry Irving, or seconded by his pal, Jack Hollingshead, and elected without the faintest suggestion of a pill, by the speaker, his chum, Charlie Warner; they had just come from the Princess's, where A. SLOPER had been to witness the performance of *Odette*. "I am not aware, Charles," replied the Eminent, stiffly, "that there is anything wrong with my nose, which has hitherto been considered by the Art-world the most beautiful feature of my countenance. Have *you* anything to say against it?" "Oh, no, certainly not!" replied Mr. Warner, evidently embarrassed; "I have always thought it remarkably pretty; a little judicious Tommy, perhaps, might heighten its beauty. In that case, were I the happy possessor of it, I know whom I would consult." "And that would be?" "Our Missus of the show, Mrs. Anna Ruppert, you know." Here the matter dropped.——(1) But that night A. SLOPER made one or two sketches of himself on his blotting pad, to see if his nose in any other shape would look as sweet, and came to the conclusion that it wouldn't; at the same time he considered it his duty to call at 80 Regent Street the next day and interview the latest addition to the theatrical profession.——(2) A clear and healthy-complexioned page-girl received his card,——(3) A lovely-complexioned lady-clerk entered his name in a book, in order that it should be held sacred (*vide advt.*),——(4) And a charming-complexioned usheress led him into the presence of Mrs. Anna Ruppert,——(5) Who, with professional promptness, at once commenced to examine his features, with the aid of a powerful glass. "Ha!" said the lady, "my 'dyspeptic cure' required here." "Pardon me, dear madam," said A. SLOPER, smiling sweetly, "I came not as a patient, but as an interviewer." "In that case," said the lady, "I was born in the States, and discovered the ingredients contained in my 'Celebrated Skin Tonic' in the following manner: When not more than seven I was stolen by the Spoofkin Indians. Young as I was I could not but observe the youthful appearance of the tribe, and being a cute little thing I kept my eyes open, and thus discovered the scent of perpetual youth." "And that is?" "Guess you'll only get it from me in bottle." "My dear lady, I should have no use for it!" and A. SLOPER passed his hand lightly over his corrugated countenance. At that moment the pretty page entered and whispered into her mistress's ear. "The Princess!" cried Mrs. Ruppert, and then, "Heavens! could he have heard?" and she glanced at A. SLOPER, but he was deep in the pages of her book on Natural Beauty, which he had caught up from a lovely mother-o'-pearl and gold table. With a sigh of relief, she said, "MR. SLOPER, you must excuse me—good-bye! Please keep that little work, you will find it useful, and call again next time you're passing."

McSWINE'S ARTFULNESS.

(1) It was the Saturday before the Harvest Thanksgiving. "If there's onything mair than anither that a Scotchman should be thankfu' for, it's his *Parritch*," said McSwine, in his most impressive manner; "see ye obsairve I've pit a sousie parritch-pat fu' o' the finest in frout o' the poopit, securit wi' a string tae ma ain seat."

(2) When it cam' tae the last Psalm on the thanksgivin' mornin', McSwine pu'd the string and brocht doon the parritch-pat an' a' on the devotit heed o' Black Roderick McInnloo, the new Precentor, wha whuppit McSwine sae bonnie the Sabbath afore.

(3) "I fear," said McNab, "that we are about tae witness a' the horrors o' a *Continental Sawbath*."



Back to business.

Barleycorn's book.

An Ancient custom.

CARPING · CANT ·

The Bivalve Banquet.

Rosebery in the Knife box.

Pussycats at the Palace

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

This way, this way! Don't be alarmed, please; the old show is still here, and going strong, for thank goodness the L.C.C. haven't got the power to shut *me* up. They couldn't find fault with much, could they? but, then, these Puritanical faddists are always grubbing for dirt in the chastest soil. Onward:—*Vacation's o'er; and with regret The judges back to business get:—Good samples of October brew At Islington are now on view:—This ancient custom, though absurd, Was carried out this year I've heard:—The paltry humbugs, when shall we From all their carping cant be free? —The Chancellor attends it—say, How many did he put away?—The Sheffield Cutlers, Rosebery dine Who waxeth witty o'er the wine:—The Cat Show at the Palace brought Some felines of another sort.*—Hullo! what's the row? A Prude on the Prowl taking notes. Duck her, my friends, duck her in the nearest pond, and earn the thanks of——THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

THE STUPIDITY OF SISTERS.

Knobsucker. Say, Juniper, ole man, you look a bit upset. What's wrong, eh?

Juniper. Upset? I should think I was! 'Plied for situation as private secretary to a nobleman, an' sent up this—*this!!*—pawnticket o' me watch 'stead of visitin' card! Upset? Not much!

"Lor, Mister, don't you go shoving agin me! I ain't bound to support *you!*"

Ethel. You've forgotten the cow's tail.

Cyril. I haven't! It doesn't want a tail, 'cause I haven't put any flies.

Maud. Yes, dear, Edwin can't be persuaded to get a special licence for our marriage.

Trix (thinking of the "Empire"). Why, is he afraid it will be refused?

"I should like to be your husband, Tottie; your dressmaker's bills must be the lowest on record."

ALLY-CAMPANE.

THE Czar of all the Russias is ill—very ill, indeed, according to common report, and it goes without saying that A. SLOPER regrets that such is the fact. The Ancient One, in fact, is in daily communication with the Royal invalid, and doubts not, if his advice is taken, that the Russian Emperor will be convalescent in less time than it takes to imbibe two of "Unsweetened."

***

EVEN if we *do* have a mild winter, what need the merry skater care? He will lose nothing. His requirements will be excellently looked after at the Knightsbridge Roller Rink, which re-opened for the season on Saturday last. And what is more, the skater can here indulge in his favourite sport in warmth and comfort. We anticipate that this rink will be muchly patronized during the coming winter months.

***

WANTED! The exact number of times the term succulent bivalve was used in reporting the proceedings at the Colchester Oyster Feast. The winner will be presented with a bath bun, a glass of milk, and a photo of Mr. Shelton Collin, denouncing "Jimmys."

***

THE Eminent will entertain a large and distinguished shooting party next week at Mildew Court. Cats are reported to be extremely plentiful in the home coverts, the breeding season having been exceptionally favourable, and the young ones are said to be particularly strong on the bound. A large bag is anticipated.

***

BRAVO, Lord Dunraven! By intimating your intention of again competing for the America Cup, you show what a thorough plucked sportsman you really are. May your new boat be faster and luckier than the ill-fated *Valkyrie*. England looks towards you to make the Eagle hop down a bough or two.

***

WONDERS will never cease. Nor will woman's perseverance. What think you of a bicycle track for ladies only? This now exists at the Ranelagh, and what is more, is very much patronised by the fair sex. What Loveliness will get up to next is difficult to imagine. Probably we shall presently hear of the Derby being ridden by lady jocks, the Inter-University Boat-race being rowed by oarswomen.

***

THE Dilapidated Dustheap has this day conferred the "Award of Merit" upon FRANK W. MORGAN, *because he manages the Juvenile Comic Opera Company*. "Feyther," gasped the Cerulean-Eyed, bursting in upon the Ancient as he was discussing his matutinal rum and milk, "this 'ere is a go, ain't it? You know 'ow I pine to shine in hopera, and Jubilee and the Twins is cut out perfick for the stage. Wot do you say to getting us all engagements under Mr. Morgan?" It was a large order, but the Aged promised to write and find out if there were any vacancies. No reply has yet come to hand.

***

IT is quite untrue that a contribution from Mrs. Ormiston Chant entitled, *Onward, Shrieking Sisters*, will shortly appear in *Larks!* Only first-rate matter finds its way into England's greatest ha'p'orth. It has absolutely no use for the Puritanic raving of bigoted tub-thumpers.

***

A. SLOPER is thinking of presenting Herr Strauss with a diamond-mounted winkle pin, in commemoration of the jubilee of the veteran composer. Subscriptions in aid of the expenses may be sent to 99.

***

WHOEVER else were absent from the Brewers' Exhibition last week, A. SLOPER and McGooseley were not. Not they. Indeed, they patronized the show more than even either the exhibitors or their representatives. They had a reputation to keep up, and right royally they did so.

***

YIELDING to pressure—of a quid into his palm—Uncle Boffin, J.P., consented to withdraw his opposition to the Friv., which has accordingly been fully licensed. Buck up, chappies, buck up!

***

The Case of Rebellious Susan is a striking example of what a clever dramatist may do with the very poorest materials. Plot it has, of course, but the whole essence of the story might be told in two minutes, and played in ten. But Mr. Jones introduces us to a number of interesting personages, who say such really smart and diverting things that we are quite willing to await the very gradual development of the plot in order to listen to the rattling fire of brilliancies which is kept up all the time. Mr. Charles Wyndham has a part after his own heart. As the cool, level-headed Q.C., the shrewd politic man of the world, he is indeed admirable, and admirers of this finished actor will agree that his Sir Richard Cato is one of the greatest of his impersonations.

A VERY pleasing and novel spectacle is the Carnaval Electrique, produced at the Oxford last week, to the accompaniment of unbounded applause, by the indefatigable manager, Mr. J. H. Jennings. We saw something of the possibilities of electricity in *Utopia*, but Mr. Jennings may fairly claim to have reached an elevated altitude of artistic perfection in the arrangement of the festooned lights, and the grouping of the performers bearing hoops illuminated by many coloured lights. This new departure, however, is only one item in a really splendid variety programme, for which the Oxford has obtained the unenviable reputation of having always on top.

***

BIG-hearted old Captain Collins, of Brighton fame, did a good thing for the funds of the "Sussex County Hospital," a few days back, in organising the Twenty-fifth Annual Benefit Trip of his *Skylark* yachts. ALLY and Collins are awfully proud of the "Quarter Centenary"—and so they ought to be.

***

A GERMAN criminal at Halle, was last week found guilty on three separate counts, and sentenced to death for the first two and fifteen years penal servitude for the other. What we want to know is, are they really going to make him work off the term of imprisonment first, before they put him to death twice? We know the law is a "hass," but German criminal procedure is evidently a very finely-developed specimen of the Jerusalem pony.

***

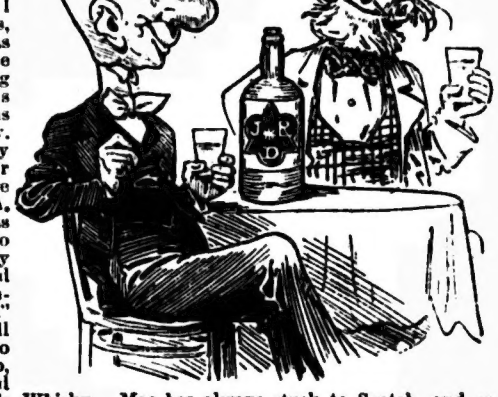
IT is reported that the directors of Olympia intend "banging" creation with their next production. Well, let them bang away. We are prepared for anything in these days of enterprise. If, though, Constantinople is to be excelled, the next show will have to be something very smart indeed.

***

I TURNS to Florrie, "Flo," says I, "me gal, I luv's but you."
"Who're yer getting at?" says Florrie; "yer don't mean ter say that's true?"
"Str'ight!" says I: "I'm on the job, for better or for wuss."
Lor' luv' me, you should jist 'ave 'eard my Florrie answer "Yus!"
Albert Chevalier (on his marriage).

***

IT'S all the fault of that wretched McNab—every bit of it. You know the Eminent's partiality for "Unsweetened," and how that palatable spirit agreed with his constitution; and yet now, after all these years, it seems as though he were going to fix his affections on whisky. We're really sorry for it, we are indeed. A. SLOPER has become so thoroughly identified with "Unsweetened." But it is all owing to McNab, McNab and Robertson's Whisky. Mac has always stuck to Scotch, and as he's put away more than any other denizen of the Browside, he may be trusted to know a good brand when he comes across it. He swears by Robertson's now, and truly a mellower spirit than that blended by the famous Dundee firm never stirred the heart of man.



***

BILL SIKES will have to look well to his laurels, as we are now, it appears, threatened with an invasion by American burglars. If the Yankee "pro.," though, can knock spots off his English confrère, as he professes to be able to do, he will deserve to prosper. But we are perfectly willing to back our own countrymen for a little bit.

***

IF the gentlemen who have lately been making themselves obnoxious in connection with the music-hall licences wish for further notoriety, we are perfectly willing to allot them a position among the Sloper Relics.

***

HERR WULFF, the horse trainer, commences his third season in London with his circus at Hengler's on November 1st. The company, an entirely new one, includes some of the latest continental novelties. The genial Wulff himself intends startling his admirers with something very much out of the common in the way of horsemanship.

***

CAN it be that Londoners are degenerating to such an extent that they are going to be treated like a pack of schoolboys? Are they going to be bullied and lectured at by a lot of humbugging so-called Puritans? Will they allow their music-halls and theatres to be conducted on the same lines as Exeter Hall or the Young Men's Christian Association? Wake up, ye once bold Cockneys! Assert yourselves and drive back those canting nonentities into the obscurity from which they ought never to have been permitted to emerge.

***

NOTICE to poets. We are entirely full up with Autumn Odes. N.B.—Cheesemongers may purchase same cheap, in any quantity, on application to "The Sloperies."

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 3RD, 1894.

28th October, 1 B.C.—According to Usher's Chronology, Adam and Eve were created this day (Friday).

29th October, 1618 (Old Style).—Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded this day in Old Palace Yard. "He called to the Executioner to show him the axe, which not being presently done, he said 'I prythee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?' And having it in his hands he felt along the edge of it, and, smiling, said to the Sheriff, 'This is a sharp medicine, but it is a physician for all diseases.'"

30th October, 1821.—Under this date is given an account of the arrest of 10 boys, the eldest being 16, who were charged with causing a great disturbance in Gayward Court, St. George's-fields, in the course of exhibiting a theatrical performance called "The Miller and His Men." The room where the play was acted was called the Regency Theatre. The checktaker was sent to Brixton jail for three months, the rest for one month each.

31st October, 1774.—This day Ben Brain (Big Ben) thrashed "the Fighting Grenadier" in the Long Fields, Bloomsbury. "The soldier was a first-rate punisher, and Ben's eyes were so swelled he could not see, when just at this juncture the ring was broken, during which accident the swellings were skilfully lanced by a surgeon, and Ben restored to vision. A fresh ring was made and the combat renewed, and in the course of a few minutes the Grenadier gave in."

1st November, 1821.—A newspaper of this date reports the breaking up a "Cock and Hen Club" held at the Pitt's Head public-house, Bermondsey, to which persons of both sexes resorted for the purpose of playing a game of chance called "The Alligator," and for rattling and dancing.

2nd November, 1887.—Jenny Lind died this day. She was nick-named "the Swedish Nightingale." Barnum took her to America, where she was a great success, and it was one of Barnum's luckiest "specs."

3rd November, 1690.—"Went," says Evelyn, this day, "to the Countess of Clancarty, to condole with her concerning her debauch'd and dissolute son, who had done so much mischiefe in Ireland, now taken and brought prisoner to the Tower."

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF THE SLOPER FAMILY.

No. 2.—How Mrs. Sloper caused a Calamitous Catastrophe.

It was the Festive Fuddler's frisky dame
Who at her mansion held an "afternoon":
And proud patricians to her gathering came,
Till thick they stood as meadow flowers in June.
For to her bosom friends the dame had said
(And far and wide the ill-kept secret spread)
That she'd acquired, with an absorbing passion,
A new accomplishment, just then in fashion!

It was the drawing-room at Mildew Court
That thrilled and throbbed with ill-concealed excitement,
When on the hearthrug, plump and sleek and short,
Dame Sloper murmured, "As some slight requitement
For your kind love who patronize me thus
(Since of blue blood you're all *non ultra plus*)—
As some requitement (list to me, I pray you!)—
Three solos on the mandoline I'll play you!"

It was a sound uprose to Mildew's roof,
Which no known sound on earth or in heaven resembles
A sound like that of Satan's cloven hoof,
When 'neath his fearsome tread old Terra trembles:
A sound more vile than that which rends the sky
When Æolus his four wild winds lets fly!
And helter-skelter, panic-struck with dread,
From Mildew Manse those proud patricians fled!

It was a score of surgeons celebrated
Who to the dame, a fortnight later, hied;
And unto her a ten-pound-note donated,
While spake their spokesman: "By the way you plied
Your plectrum on that fateful afternoon,
You gave us an incalculable boon.
For when your mandoline you played so badly,
And when your anguished guests vamoosed so madly,
A thousand folks lay shattered in the crush,
And we, by doctoring them, have earned uncounted cash!"

A BRILLIANT IDEA.

HIS face wore a look of unfeigned sadness as he entered the undertaker's establishment and, walking demurely up to the coffin-maker, inquired:

"Er—do you allow a commission upon business that is brought to you?"

"That's a very unusual question, sir," replied the man of sables. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I can promise you a good job—feathers, palls, gloves for the mourners, as many 'extras' as you like to charge—but I shall want a small commission."

"All right, sir; two and a half per cent."

"M'yes, that'll do. It's little enough, but I'll take it. Now just estimate for this: polished oak cold-meat box, lined with lead, feathers on hearse and horses, four mourning carriages, an hour to Kensal Green and an hour back, twenty minutes for 'liquoring up' at the William the IV., sixteen pairs of black gloves and a bit of original poetry—say three eight-line verses—on the 'In Memoriam' cards. How much?"

"Well, sir, I'll do the thing fashionably for fifty pounds."

"That'll do. Two and a half on fifty pounds are twenty-five shillings—hand over the 'com.' and the job's yours."

"But the funeral?"

"Is *mine*. I have been on the boose ever since the Cesarewitch, and I feel like death—sure to come off next week!"

But the man of mutes and mourners couldn't or wouldn't see it, though he was willing to admit that the 'com.' would *not* be much good to the introducer *after* the execution of the order.

A SPIRITED ARGUMENT.

"THE world," said SLOPER, "can be divided into two sorts of classes—those who take lemon with their 'Unsweetened' and those who do not." Said McGooseley, "I agree with you, ALLY, altogether, save the difference of a couple of letters." "And what, pray, may they be?" inquired the Great One. "What I say is," continued Mac, "the world can be divided into two sorts of asses—those who take lemon with their 'Unsweetened' and those who do not—you're one of the Jerusalems who do."

Every Wednesday. Twopence.

JUDY.

Best Artists. Best Authors.

EDITED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

SLUMBERS AND "NUMBERS."

[A Musical Bedstead is the latest fad seriously proposed.]

METHINKS that a Musical Bed,
Instead of inducing delight,
Is more likely to cause direful dread
When you're going to "bye-bye" at night.
For what is one's hope of repose,
And where is your chance of a snooze,
If just as you're anxious to doze
This bed starts its musical cues?
'Twould make one, meseems,
Really go off his head,
When disturbed in his dreams
By a Musical Bed.

Of course, all the popular airs
Are all very well in their way;
So are musical boxes—and chairs
(The game at which youngsters oft play).
At playhouse and music-hall, too,
Music soothes our (let's say savage) breast;
But why make a hullaballoo
When folks are retiring to rest?
'Twould cause (would it not?)
Wicked words to be shed,
When clean "off your dot"
Through a Musical Bed.

GULLED!

HER name was Kitty Davenport. Regular swagger one, isn't it? with a piquant flavour of the theatrical about it.

But Kitty wasn't in the profession. She kept the snuggest little cigar box in—but no, on second thoughts, I don't think I'll give away the name of the neighbourhood.

But, to return to the cigar box and Kitty; Kitty, the wittiest, prettiest, daintiest little charmer who ever wore bronze silk hose, and her hair in crimp. It was generally known that she lived with her brother, who was something in the City, but as he never took any part in the management, or entered the shop during business hours, nobody gave him a thought, and the merry little game of flirtation went on as smoothly as though he never existed.

And, bless you, Kitty could flirt. There was hardly a young fellow in —— who didn't buy his weeds and 'bacca at Kitty's, and the siren of the cigar box had 'em all in her toils. The marriageable maidens of the vicinity were all wildly jealous of her, and the matrons too, for it wasn't only the young bloods who formed the train of Kitty's admirers, and business at the cigar box was immense. It wasn't the quality or the price of the stuff that formed the attraction, for truth to tell, the former was not always up to the mark, whilst the latter was always thirty per cent. dearer than elsewhere! But what did we care. The vilest Britisher, if Kitty had bitten off the end, was preferable to the choicest cigar you could have given us, and who cared about the price of cigarettes, when weighed out by the fair hands of our divinity? The place was thronged nightly, and though all we men hated one another like fury, I truly believe every individual one of us entertained the idea that Kitty was only humbugging the other chaps to make us jealous, and that we alone had any chance of becoming proprietor of Kitty and the thriving cigar box.

But one night something happened. The place was crowded, and Kitty at her smartest, when suddenly the door dividing the parlour and shop was pushed open, and a chubby four-year-old kiddy ran towards Kitty, crying, "Mammy, mammy, dada won't——" and stopped suddenly—awed, perhaps, by the unexpected scene.

There was an awkward silence. Astonishment, stupefication—er—well, what shall I say?—were plainly depicted upon our faces.

But Kitty was equal to the occasion. "Gentlemen," she cried loudly, "permit me to introduce my husband. John, come here," and out of the parlour walked—*the brother*.

It was even so, they'd been married five years, but Kitty would never have made the little fortune she did if we had known it.

We buy our 'bacca at the stores now.

BELLES OF THE BUFFET.

No. 7.—THE KING AND KEY'S GIRL.

WHENEVER I enter the King and Keys,
And call for a "Lemon and Irish, please!"
(For Dunville-and-lemon, the truth to tell,
Has a delicate flavour that likes me well)—
Whenever I into that hostel trip,
And my fivepenny stimulant calmly sip,
There come to me, borne on a love-warm breeze,
Many beautiful thoughts about King and Keys!

Most potent the king of our earth may be,
But what is their puissant might to me?
I will bend the knee to no king that lives,
Save Cupid, the king of all kings, who gives
With his thraldom a bliss that my soul can please,
As I chat with the girl at the King and Keys.

The key of my safe in my purse is lain,
And my clerk for its coming awaits in vain.
The keys of the portals of Wealth and Fame
I might hold in my hand, with ambitious aim.
But all earthly keys from my thoughts depart,
In the hour when the key of my tender heart
Is wielded before me with wondrous ease
By the beautiful girl at the King and Keys.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

c.o. "THE STAGE," YORK STREET, W.C.,
October 16th, 1894.

ALLY, MY OWNEST,—"Award of Merit" safe to hand, for which very many thanks—to use the words of the poet, it's a "knock out"—and I promise you it shall be before the public gaze as much as possible, and will endeavour to chuck your famous name about in panto. So here's to yer. ALLY, wishing your maxim every success. Thine, FRED ROME, F.O.S.

SLOPER'S ANCESTORS.

No. 2.—JABEZ ARGENTINA SLOPER.

Born, 1101. *Drawn and Quartered*, 1149.

JABEZ ARGENTINA SLOPER was still quite a boy when his father, Henry de Bovril, met the awful fate recorded last week, and left his widow to draw his club money. His little heart was touched at his parent's sudden end, and his youthful bosom swelled with indignation at the heartlessness of his young mother, who issued cards for an "At Home" the day after the cremation. Concealed behind the arras he overheard his parent and a favoured suitor discussing a fiendish plot to deprive him of the ancestral estate and honours. The suitor was for slaughtering him as he slept, and hanging a retainer or two for the deed, but the Baroness de Bovril objected, on the score that it would spoil the clean sheets, and proposed pushing him into the moat the first convenient dark night.

When the unnatural mother left with her knight to rejoin the company, Jabez Argentina stole from his hiding place and bribed the attendant who was taking in tea and muffins to give his mother's lover a particular cup, in which a few travellers' samples of his father's famous tabloids had been dissolved. Oh, right gallantly did the haughty young noble drain his beaker to his fair hostess. The next moment a horrible pallor spread over his face, he gasped, dropped, squirmed a bit, drew up his legs, and snuffed it without a groan. Overcome with horror, the Baroness de Bovril seized the fatal cup, drained the last dregs and expired, *à la* Sarah Bernhardt, beside the corpse of her lover. Jabez Argentina at once took command of affairs, squared the evening paper reporters, and bribed the coroner's jury to return a verdict of "Death from Misadventure whilst temporarily insane." Jabez gave his victims a decent interment, the undertaker allowing him two and a half per cent. off for two, and intimating that if Jabez could throw any more business in his way he'd always make a substantial reduction on taking a quantity.

Jabez thus found himself in entire command of the vast capital left by his father, and rapidly developed the financial abilities which characterized his sire. Far from conducting operations on the sixty per cent. system, as De Bovril had done, his speculations were run on entirely philanthropic lines, and so stupendous and daring were his enterprises, that he became known on 'Change as the Infant Stock Jobber, and the Boy Financier. He got elected to Parliament by a huge majority, and developed a striking interest in the financial well-being and moral elevation of the masses. He erected a galvanized iron mission hall in the castle grounds, and held frequent meetings for the double purpose of advising his supporters as to the safest way of walking the narrow path, and investing their little savings. He was also the author of that vastly popular hymn, "In Penny Banks we Put our Trust" (words and music, one-and-four), and likewise responsible for a Pocket Guide to Small Investors, in which was embodied "How to Acquire a Two-Pair Back for Twopence Monthly," and "A Potato Patch for Next to Nothing." He wedded the daughter of a wealthy neighbouring baron with great pomp, but the poor lady, who was heavily insured, died somewhat suddenly of a mysterious disease, after three years of wedded bliss, leaving two twin sons, Wilkins Sapolio and Rupert Rummymade, to comfort the disconsolate widower. For years he enjoyed the confidence of the public, when suddenly the country was electrified by the intelligence that the Penny Bank, Building Society, and other companies of his promotion had suspended payment, and that Jabez Argentina had skedaddled safely with the swag. Unfortunately for the latter, this last piece of intelligence was not strictly correct. The lugger he had chartered to convey him and his spoil to foreign climes foundered off Margate, and swimming ashore he was at once recognised by a cheap trip excursionist, denounced, and carried back in triumph to London, where he fell a victim to the fury of the deceived and blood-thirsty populace.

(To be continued next week.)

THE TRYSTING TREE.

SAD in the shade of our trysting tree
We lingered, my love and I:
For my path in life was the pathless sea,
And I said to my love good-bye.
Each for a blessing on each we prayed;
And till death to be true to me—
Such was the vow that my own love made,
In the shade of the trysting tree!

I thought of her troth by the trysting tree,
When my ship like an eagle flew:
I dwelt on her loving last words to me,
When the stridulous storm-wind blew.
Often Death's arms did about me wind,
But ever I shook myself free,
For the sake of the girl I had left behind
In the shade of the trysting tree!

"I will gaze on the pretty old trysting tree
Ere I rush to my true love's side!"
I spake, coming home from the wild wide sea,
And I stalked through the mead with pride.
I neared it—viewed it—I wept—I swore—
I went back to the ruthless sea,
For my old love sat with my rival of yore
In the shade of the trysting tree!

A MORAL STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

TOM-MY TROTT was a lit-tle boy. He had a lov-ing ma-ma and pa-pa, a good home, six bob and odd in a kick-ing mule mon-ey box, and a sweet lit-tle sis-ter. But, though fair-ly good as a rule, Mas-ter Tom-my was a bit of a hog. He in-var-iably took the larger ap-ple, and if his dear lit-tle sis-ter de-mur-red, silen-ced her with a clip over the eye. This was not ko-kum, was it?

Any-how, one mor-ning as their dear mot-her was about to go out upon her shop-ping ex-pe-dit-ion, which in-clu-ded a call at the pas-try-cook's to see that the bran-died cher-ries did not spoil from keep-ing, she cal-led Tom-my and his sis-ter, Dol-ly, to her and said, "I have left you each a chunk of rasp-ber-ry roll upon the kit-chen dress-er. I shall not be gone long."

The ins-tant her back was turn-ed, Tom-my was on to that roll like a spar-row on to a de-sert-ed cab-rank. One piece of jam roll was lar-ger than the other, and he'd an-nex-ed it, you bet.

"Tom-my," re-mar-ked Dol-ly, when she tum-bled to the trick, "you are a twen-ty-one ca-rat hog from Hog-ville! I've tak-en par-tic-u-lar no-tice of the fact that you al-ways freeze on to the big-gest!"

"You shall have the big-gest to-night to 'square' it," mag-nan-i-mously re-plied Tom-my, ad-ding, be-neath his breath, "I heard mo-ther say we were to have mus-tard plas-ters!"

And Tom-my cons-cien-tious-ly kept his word, which proves that he loved fair play and was no fool.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

"WORLD without End": Worl.

WHAT mythological river reminds one of firewood? Styx.

THE FAMILY GHOST.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was the eerie hour of midnight, and it was in the sleeping apartment of Mr. Ratsbane that the ghostly figure of the Family Ghost was stalking towards the bedside.

"Fact is, old chap, I couldn't sleep."

Mr. Ratsbane lay wide awake, for till the arrival of the Family Ghost no sound had been heard, and the unwonted silence weighed on the guilty soul of the ex-pirate like a pall.

"You are awake, Mr. Ratsbane?" remarked the Family Ghost.

"I am," said Mr. Ratsbane. "Fact is, old chap, I couldn't sleep, everything was so quiet. Where are all the other ghosts gone?"

"They are obedient spirits," said the Family Ghost; "I have ordered them to be quiet for the time being."

"You have, have you? Well, you have a precious cheek. D'ye think I am to be done out of my sleep in this way. I have got used to their row and racket, and here you step in and put a stop to their soothing influence. Who are you, I'd like to know?"

"I am the Family Ghost."

"Oh, I know you are. I don't take any stock in you. I didn't kill you—so you don't interest me in the least—and I don't see that you have any right to step in and destroy my comfort. What right have you to give orders to the *Swan's* crew, for instance?"

"Because I am the first President of our Mutual Aid and Protection Society, and have organised a strike against the tyranny of your indifference. We are not going to stand it. All the traditions of ghost life are being outraged, and the profession is being ruined, and we won't have it."

"You won't have it, won't you? Well, I don't see what you are going to do about it. It sha'n't matter a brass cent to me whether you stand it or not. Strike? Who the deuce d'ye think cares about a ghost strike? why, some people would welcome it."

"I daresay you are right, some people would, if the ghosts were

Practising.

to cease from troubling, but that is just where your mistake is made."

"Inasmuch as how?"

"Because this quiet is only temporary. We have appointed pickets all round the premises, and you won't hear a mouse squeak."

"Well, what then—I suppose I'll get used to the quietness sometime. A couple of nights or so will do it."

"We sha'n't be surprised if a couple of nights does it—but then we will change our tactics."

"Change your tactics?"

"Yes, the crew of the *Swan* are practising an entirely novel and very noisy set of broadsword exercises, the Scotch missionary ghost is practising a new and particularly harrowing brand of Psalm, and the others are getting up 'Daisy Bell' and 'After the Ball.'"

"Horror!"

"Fact, though. We will let you have that as soon as you are used to perfect quietness, and when you are once more become accustomed to noise we will turn on a complete stop and take a rest once more."

"But this plot is perfectly diabolic!" said Mr. Ratsbane, as he took off his night-cap, and scratched his head in bewilderment.

"But this plot is perfectly diabolic!"

"Yes, it is ingenious, at all events. You see we don't pretend to be angels, and, although we don't emulate the Heavenly Twins, by intoning the statement that 'we are devils,' we have a very pretty faculty for getting over difficulties."

"Meaning my indifference as a difficulty?"

"Yes, your indifference," said the Family Ghost, solemnly.

"But none of my old crew could have concocted such a scheme. They were too stupid."

"You do me proud," said the Family Ghost, as he complacently elevated his shin bone on his knee and gently stroked it with his hand, while contemplating its ghostly symmetry. "I think it is a very pretty scheme, and I fancy it will bring about a better state of matters in these parts. Union conquers all difficulties; and I think it should even bring a heartless pirate to his knees, tough as he is."

(To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 383.—Mr. Hal Ludlow, F.O.S.

"We have now much pleasure in introducing to the notice of our readers a picture which not even the most prudent of the prudes can take objection to. Hal Ludlow, though, is himself no manner of prude, and some of his pictures are calculated to make Mrs. Chant's and others hair stand on end. Hal is an admirer of high art. He believes art is like game, the higher it is the better. He is fond of drawing of all descriptions—more especially the drawing of 'screws'. He is immensely clever, and consequently contributes to the 'Half-Holiday' every week. His delineation of the female form divine is of the 'All very fine and large' order. Chiefly because he is a first-class artist Hal Ludlow was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him December 11th, 1886."—*Ixbrett Improved.*

"And you're sure these eggs are fresh?" "Oh, yes, sir; this place *hasn't been open many weeks!*"

Married Man. Yes, I'm afraid I shall have to build soon. You see, my family is getting so numerous, I shall have to throw out a wing.
Facetious Bachelor. Why not throw out a baby—it's cheaper.

HARD LINES.

Little Man. Yus! I calls that addin' hinsult t' hinjury, I does!
Big Man. Whot's that?
Little Man. Whot's that? Wy, wen old Bluffkins gives me the sack, 'e says to me, 'e says, 'e cud git a boy as 'ud do my wurk *better—an' I 'ada't done a single stroke!*

JUST WHAT THEY REQUIRED.

Julia. I say, dad, we want you to take us to see some of those Living Pictures.
Father. But, my dear, they have been declared by a good many people to be improper.
Ada. That's just why we wish to go.

Horse-Coper. There y'are, me lad; wot d'yer think o' him for an old hunter properly seasoned to timber?
Lord Heavichump. 'Pears wather baggy 'bout the knees. Don't you think a course of twousers stwetchers might improve him?

A LONG SWELL ON THE OCEAN.
Latest type.

A PREMATURE DISPLAY.

(1) *Bounder (to chance acquaintance).* Come in, old man! Mush int'doosh you to my wife—hic! She'll be 'crightsed to see you! Norrabit late! On'y half-past three! I 'nsist!——(2) "I 'shure you, old cock, I'm very pleashe' shee you mud—hic!—my roof! Though how you got in firsh—blessh if *I* know!——(3) "Here! lightsh your cigar from mine, and I'll go and knock up the 'misshis' to get us a drink—eh?——(4) "Whoa! Steady! What are you—hic!—playing at now? Ought be very careful with fire, y' know. That baccy of yoursh a bit too dry, ain't it?"——(5) Whizz!—Fizz!—Whizz-z-z!—Bang! "Drop it, you blooming powder-monkey salamander, or I'll knock the stuffing out of you!"——(6) And it was not until Mrs. Bounder had drenched him and the smoking ruins with a couple of bucketfuls of water that Bounder realized that he had mistaken the children's Guy Fawkes, which they had been preparing for the fifth of next month, for his friend, who was slumbering peacefully on the doorstep. He now thinks it's about time some of these foolish old anniversaries were dropped for good and all.

HARDLY HISTORICAL

A page from a chapter of our history. No; we mean a chapter from the history of our Page.

NOT EXACTLY WHAT SHE MEANT.

"You are so droll, Mr. Jones, that I really cannot keep my countenance." "Oh, indeed! who shall you get to keep it for you?"

GIRLS BILLY'S PROPOSED TO.

The Honourable really thought he was going to be successful with this one. She let him anticipate his Aunt's allowance for six months in order to treat her, and after that she cut him dead. Alas, poor Billy!

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